

And *Mountaigne* our Top-Mast: what of him?  
 Our slaught'ed friends, the Tackles: what of these?  
 Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?  
 And *Somerſet*, another goodly Mast?  
 The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?  
 And though vnſkilfull, why not *Ned* and I,  
 For once allow'd the ſkilfull Pilots Charge?  
 We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,  
 But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)  
 From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack,  
 As good to chide the Waues, as ſpeake them faire.  
 And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?  
 What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?  
 And *Richard*, but a rag'd fatall Rocke?  
 All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke.  
 Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:  
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,  
 Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,  
 Or elſe you ſmiſh, that's a three-fold Death.  
 This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,  
 If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,  
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,  
 More then with ruthleſſe Waues, with Sands and Rocks.  
 Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,  
 'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare,  
*Prince.* Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,  
 Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,  
 Inſuſe his Breſt with Magnanimitie,  
 And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.  
 I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:  
 For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,  
 He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,  
 Leaſt in our need he might infect another,  
 And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.  
 If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,  
 Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.  
*Oxf.* Women and Children of ſo high a courage,  
 And Warriors ſaint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.  
 Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather  
 Doth liue againe in thee; long may 'ſt thou liue,  
 To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.  
*Som.* And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,  
 Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,  
 If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.  
*Qu.* Thankes gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thankes.  
*Prince.* And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing  
 elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

*Meſſ.* Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,  
 Readie to fight: therefore be reſolute.  
*Oxf.* I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,  
 To haſte thus faſt, to finde vs vnprouided.  
*Som.* But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readineſſe.  
*Qu.* This cheares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.  
*Oxf.* Here pitch our Battaille, hence we will not budge.

Flouriſh, and march. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*,  
*Clarence*, and *Souldiers*.

*Edw.* Braue followers, yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,  
 Which by the Heauens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,  
 Muſt by the Roots be hew'n vp yet ere Night.  
 I need not adde more fuel to your fire,  
 For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:  
 Giue ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

*Qu.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,  
 My teares gaine ſay: for euery word I ſpeake,  
 Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.  
 Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne  
 Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State vſurp'd,  
 His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subiects ſlaine,  
 His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treſure ſpent:  
 And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.  
 You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,  
 Be valiant, and giue ſignall to the fight.  
*Alarm, Retreat, Excursions.*

Exeunt.

Flouriſh. Enter *Edward*, *Richard*, *Queene*, *Clarence*,  
*Oxford*, *Somerſet*.

*Edw.* Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles,  
 Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:  
 For *Somerſet*, off with his guiltie Head.  
 Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.  
*Oxf.* For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words,  
*Som.* Nor I, but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.  
*Qu.* So part we ſadly in this troublous World,  
 To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.  
*Edw.* Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,  
 Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?  
*Rich.* It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

*Edw.* Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him ſpeake,  
 What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?  
*Edward*, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,  
 For bearing Armes, for ſtirring vp my Subiects,  
 And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?  
*Prince.* Speake like a Subiect, prou'd ambitious *York*,  
 Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,  
 Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,  
 Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe ſame words to thee,  
 Which (Taytor) thou would'ſt haue me anſwer to.  
*Qu.* Ah, that thy Father had bene ſo reſolu'd.  
*Rich.* That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,  
 And ne're haue ſtolne the Breech from *Launceſter*.  
*Prince.* Let *Aeſop* fable in a Winters Night,  
 His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.  
*Rich.* By Heauen, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.  
*Qu.* I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.  
*Rich.* For Gods ſake, take away this Captiue Scold.  
*Prince.* Nay, take away this ſcolding Croke-backe,  
 rather.

*Edw.* Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.  
*Clar.* Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.  
*Prince.* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:  
 Laſciuous *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,  
 And thou miſ-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,  
 I am your better, Traytors as ye are,  
 And thou vſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.  
*Edw.* Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.  
*Rich.* Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agonie.  
*Clar.* And ther's for twitting me with periurie.  
*Qu.* Oh, kill me too!  
*Rich.* Marry, and ſhall.  
*Edw.* Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

*Rich.* Why

*Rich.* Why ſhould ſhee liue, to fill the World with  
 words.  
*Edw.* What? doth ſhee ſwowne? ſhe meanes for her  
 recouerie.

*Rich.* *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my Brother:  
 He hence to London on a ſerious matter,  
 Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.

*Cl.* What? what?

Exit.

*Rich.* Tower, the Tower.

*Qu.* Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy.

Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murderers!  
 They that ſtabb'd *Caſar*, ſhed no blood at all:

Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,  
 If this foule deed were by, to equall it.

He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Childe,

And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Childe.

What's worſe then Murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeake,

And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt:

Butchers and Villaines, bloody Caniballes,

How ſweet a Plant haue you vtimately cropt:

You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,

The thought of them would haue ſtir'd vp remorse,

But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,

Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off.

As deathſmen you haue rid this ſweet yong Prince.

*King.* Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

*Qu.* Nay, neuer beare me hence, diſpatch me heere:

Here ſteath thy Sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

*Cl.* By heauen, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

*Qu.* Good *Clarence* do: ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

*Cl.* Did'ſt thou not heare me ſwear I would not do it?

*Qu.* I, but thou w'eſt to forſwear thy ſelfe.

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What wilt thou? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?

Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not heere; Murder is thy Almes-deed:

Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.

*Ed.* Away I ſay, I charge ye beare her hence,

*Qu.* So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit *Queene*.

*Ed.* Where's *Richard* gone.

*Cl.* To London all in poſt, and as I gueſſe,

To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

*Ed.* He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort

With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London,

And ſee our gentle *Queene* how well ſhe fares,

By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me.

Exit.

Enter *Henry the ſixt*, and *Richard*, with the Lieutenant  
 on the Wall.

*Rich.* Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke ſo  
 hard?

*Hen.* I my good Lord: my Lord I ſhould ſay rather,  
 'Tis ſinne to flatter, Good was little better:

'Good Gloſter, and good Deuill, were alike,  
 And both prepoſterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

*Rich.* Sirra, leaue vs to our ſelues, we muſt conferre.

*Hen.* So ſies the weakleſſe ſhepherd from 'y Wolfe:

So fiſt the harmleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,

And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.

What Scene of death hath *Rofſins* now to Acte?

*Rich.* Suſpicion alwayes haunts the guilty minde,

The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer,

*Hen.* The Bird that hath bin limed in a buſh,

With trembling wings miſdoubteth euery buſh;

And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird,

Haue now the farall Obiect in my eye,

Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

*Rich.* Why what a peeuiſh Foole was that of *Creet*,

That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,

And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

*Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,

Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our courſe,

The Sunne that fear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy.

Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy ſelfe, the Sea

Whoſe enuious Gulfe did ſwallow vp his life:

Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,

My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point,

Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory.

But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?

*Rich.* Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

*Hen.* A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art,

If murdering Innocents be Executing,

Why then thou art an Executioner.

*Rich.* Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.

*Hen.* Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when fiſt 'y didſt preſume,

Thou had'ſt not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:

And thus I prophesie, that many a thouſand,

Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare,

And many an old mans fighe, and many a Widdowes,

And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye,

Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Huſbands,

Orphans, for their Parents timeleſs death,

Shall rue the houre that euer thou waſt borne.

The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an euill ſigne,

The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time,

Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees:

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top,

And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung:

Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,

And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope,

To wit, an indigeſted and deformed lumpe,

Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree.

Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou waſt borne,

To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:

And if the reſt be true, which I haue heard,

Thou cam'ſt—

*Rich.* He heare no more:

Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech,

For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.

*Hen.* I, and for much more ſlaughter after this,

O God forgive my finnes, and pardon thee.

*Rich.* What? will the aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*

Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.

See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.

O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed

From thoſe that wiſh the downfall of our houſe.

If any ſparke of Life be yet remaining,

Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither.

*Hen.* I ſent thee thither.

*Rich.* I ſent thee thither.

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And